he works out his theories, the exquisite foliage which conceals the bottomless pit and the miry clay which, from my careful observa-tion, always awaits the unwary steps of a woman. I have often wondered how many many lives "TheHuman Document" has ruined, to how many women when trembling between two decisions, with their fate hanging in the balance between good and evil, its perusal may have sent the scale on the down grade. And the author himself seems to doubt the efficacy of the pleas he puts in Irma's mouth, when he makes Grenville die poisoned from the lips of the man he has wronged. And how many women have been lost by the example of " doing as George Eliot did" ? No man lives into himself and if he, and still more fatally she, break a law made for the benefit of the whole corporate body of which we are each one part, members of Christ's body, as He the Christ dwells in our bodies as His Temple, the penalty exacted is none the less

awful that the defaulter usually pays in secret.
Just as the world never knows of its greatest
men, so it never hears of its greatest expia-
tions, exacted in silence by an inexorable
Divine justice from a woman's suffused eyes

and